



## Barbara Harman Herlong

April 12, 1933 - April 15, 2024

Saluda, SC

Barbara Herlong

Barbara Harman Herlong passed away on April 15, 2024 at the Saluda Nursing Home at the age of 91. She was a member of Mount Pleasant Lutheran Church, Saluda, SC.

Barbara was born April 12, 1933, in Leesville, SC. After graduation from Batesburg-Leesville High School in 1951, she married Lowell Herlong and moved to Riverside California for Lowell's service in the Air Force. Barbara worked as a telephone operator for Pacific Bell.

After 3 years in California, Barbara and Lowell returned to Saluda and began purchasing the Family farmland. She continued as a telephone operator at Southern Bell in Augusta then Savannah River plant. The couple worked hard and saved to build their farm business. Their egg production, vegetable and cattle operations were successful for over 25 years.

Barbara enjoyed cultivating, harvesting, sharing, and preserving all types of produce from the family garden. Because of her nurturing nature, generosity and love of cooking, mac-n-cheese, green beans, okra, squash casserole and

much more was enjoyed by family, friends, and acquaintances. Throughout the years she collected dolls, acquiring a beautiful collection.

Barbara Herlong was a grateful, loving person that always welcomed anyone with Christian tradition. She was truly a people person, a good listener who embodied empathy and sympathy for others. She will always be remembered by her family, friends and those whose lives she touched however briefly.

Barbara is survived by her husband Lowell Bryan Herlong of 72 years, daughter Kim Herlong-Greer, son-in-law Rob Greer, daughter Missy Herlong Cothran, son-in-law Jay Godines, grandchildren Leslie McKinney and her son Aiden McKinney, Harrison Greer, Davidson Cothran and his wife Caroline, brother Wayne Harman and sister Sherry Ertle.

She is predeceased by her Father Julian Harman, Mother Era Shealy Harman Corley, brothers Billy Harman and Boyce Harman, numerous nieces and nephews and her infant daughter.

A Memorial Service will be held 10:00 a.m., Wednesday, April 17, 2024 at Ramey Funeral Home Chapel with Rev. Jim Kinsler officiating. The family will receive friends following the service.

Flowers are accepted or memorials may be made to The Children's Hospital of Georgia.

# Previous Events

## Memorial Service

APR 17. 10:00 AM (ET)

Ramey Funeral Home  
202 N Rudolph St  
Saluda, SC 29138  
(864) 445-2366

# Tribute Wall

EM

“ Lowell and girls I'm sorry for the loss of your wife and mother, I met them 51 years ago when my husband and I worked for them on the egg farm, and later my mother worked there for a long time. You are all in my thoughts and prayers. Ernestine Whitten Moore Mckinney



Ernestine mckinney - April 27, 2024 at 09:11 PM



“ Loving Lilies and Roses Bouquet was purchased for the family of Barbara Harman Herlong.



April 21, 2024 at 10:11 AM

TK

“ Ted, Leisha, Allen, Rhett, Kristen planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Barbara Harman Herlong.

Ted, Leisha, Allen, Rhett, Kristen - April 21, 2024 at 10:11 AM

SB

“ Missy and Family,  
My thoughts and prayers are with y'all. I just learned as I was walking around the building.  
Shuler

Shuler Burton - April 18, 2024 at 10:51 AM

DC

“ From her Grandson, Davidson Cothran- I’ve always felt blessed to say that I’ve grown up with all 4 of my grandparents. I know it is a rare thing, and, even rarer, that I have been able to grow up 50 yards away from a set a grandparents. In those 18 years, some 6,500 days, that I spent living, learning, growing, and becoming the man that I am today, many of those were spent with nana and papa. This is new territory for me. I’ve never lost someone I was so close to before, especially someone i considered a second mother, so the memories I have with nana have become invaluable to me as her situation worsened over the last two years. So, to honor my nana, here are a few reasons I loved her so much:

*I’ve heard my entire life that her and papa basically raised me. There were many days, especially in the summer, as my mom went to work, I would spend my mornings at nanas house. Some of my earliest memories of those times include sitting in their recliner watching Disney cartoons and waiting for breakfast, and I always knew that it would good. I’ve been called a “foodie” in my life because I’ve been known to have good tastes, and I can directly correlate that to nana because she was the best cook in the world.*

*If you had the pleasure of eating her food, you knew that you were having something special, and she was always prepared to feed her family and guests. Let’s begin with breakfast. Things like cheese or cinnamon toast were staples, and she always seemed to have my favorite cereals in the small cabinet beside the kitchen table. When she had more time, things like grits and salmon patties or the best French toast in the world, made with real French bread, graced your plate. For lunch, especially in the summer, if you walked into nanas kitchen and smelled her fried squash, you knew you were having a good day. A delicacy so unmatched that it’s hard to imagine eating squash any other way, yet she tried her best with her incredible squash casserole. Other favorites included fried okra and turnip greens, and one memory that sticks out is how she always had food ready at noon. She was always concerned about papa when he wasn’t quite back in time after working hard on the farm in the*

*morning. Dinner was where she hit her stride, and one thing I loved about nana is that she was always so excited to tell you what she was cooking and said it in a slow, methodical voice as to build suspense. Her go to's were cubed steak or roast with rice and gravy, and she nailed it every time. She constantly would tinker with her mac and cheese side dish and combine a recipe or two from her multiple cookbooks. Either way, it was always good. For dessert, her pecan pie is still the best I've ever had. She would freeze them and send me home with a whole pie while I was in college, and they didn't last very long when I got back to school. Nana loved ice cream, and I mean LOVED ice cream. She always had a vanilla ready to top her pecan pie, but she always had plenty of other flavors for herself in the outside freezer. And in typical nana fashion, she was so worried if you hadn't eaten enough, and if you had finished your plate, she always urged you to go back for seconds (and I gladly did).*

*I talk so highly of her food because its important to realize that much of what she cooked came from the very garden that her and papa (and myself from time to time) tended to year after year. As I grew up, I began to realize just how much time and effort they both had to put into providing for themselves and our family. Things were hardly ever perfect, and nana knew that she didn't have it easy in her life, but she always seemed joyful. She often spoke of picking cotton as a child ( a time which papa would describe as "prehistoric times"). She moved across the country and supported papa during his time in the air force and worked at multiple telephone companies. At home, it seemed to be her calling to have food ready on the table or to tend to the home while papa worked outside, but she wasn't afraid to get her hands dirty. I spent many a day shucking and cleaning freshly picked corn into large buckets for hours beside nana, and while I was young and didn't really want to be there, nana knew what was necessary. While they had chickens and cows, nana worked hard to ensure that the family farm would thrive. She always told me stories of how hard it was, and I deeply appreciate all of the sacrifices she made for our family. One not to be overlooked- while helping to run a family farm and putting up with papa, she invested*

*heavily into raising myself on a day-to-day basis. It was in these moments with nana that I got to see the best of her.*

*There was a moment, a day... I can't remember when...that nana called me her son. I'm sure she had before and it didn't fully register, but being called "the son we never had" hit me like a ton of bricks. Not in a negative way, but in a way where I felt the decisions I made in my life had added emphasis. I couldn't let papa and nana down. I wanted to make them both proud, especially hearing the ways in which she spoke about me to her friends. Looking back on our time together, there are so many memories that make me proud to have had her as my nana, so here are a few of my favorites that come to mind. Nana and I were close, and we talked a lot when I would stop by, and I'm sure some of that was because nana loved being in the know of what was going on. I loved how she never met a stranger out in public, and she was always quick to send flowers or a card to someone who needed it, and she insisted on writing a thank you note for even the smallest gesture she received. One year she made me dress up in a suit and tie for my class photo. I was overdressed to say the least, but it was such a nana thing to request I do. She loved flowers, so we would go out and water her hanging plants and flowers, and I would somehow rope her into throwing football with me, so she would sit in a lawn chair in the driveway while I chucked a football at her. She loved feeding the hummingbirds and sitting and watching them from her window as well. One of our favorite games to play at the kitchen table was the board game battleship, and I think she beat me more often than not. She had the best "one liners" - phrases like "I declare" and "oh my goodness" that she said with so much spunk and in true southern fashion, and to go along with that, her energy and attention she gave to the mundane things we may have been talking about always lit up a room as she radiated love and joy and interest. She was also incredibly generous and always invented a new way to slip me some gas money whether I asked for it or not. When I would cut their grass, nana would always gesture at papa to pay me a little more than he had promised. Papa huffed and puffed, but he knew who the boss was. Nana always had a stocked snack cabinet, and if*

*she hadn't been to the store recently, there were always the best freshly boiled peanuts sitting at the end of her kitchen island. I remember I attempted to show them the movie Star Wars, and after watching the first movie, nana was enthralled. Papa, on the other hand, didn't understand half of it but was along for the ride. Sensing we wouldn't be watching another, I told nana what happened in the 2nd Star Wars (about Darth Vader being Lukes father), and she about fell out of her chair. It was moments like these that her fascination with everything became apparent, and I appreciated her enthusiasm, On April Fools Day, every single year, she would call me in the morning before school and tell me that Tommy Bowden had just been fired from Clemson (she was right eventually) or that Dabo Swinney had just left Clemson for another job despite me knowing that he had JUST signed a contract extension. Her laugh on the other end of the phone is something I'll never forget. At Easter, we would always dye eggs in the kitchen and make a huge mess while drawing silly designs on them. I can vividly see nana being the best helper each time we would pickup McDonalds in the car because as papa drove, she had that hot mustard dipping sauce held and ready for when papa needed a nugget. Lastly, I'm thankful for the times we had in church as I grew up. She showed me how to act and how to be respectful during the sermon, and she always had a candy ready to go in her purse. I know it was the highlight of her Sunday seeing me helping in the ceremonies at Mt. Pleasant. I have peace and am thankful that she is now with her Heavenly Father.*

*As nana began to reach the end of her life, I've reflected on a true lasting memory of nana that will always stick with me when I think of her. Each time I would arrive home from college, when I had been away for a while, she would always be sitting at her chair in the kitchen when I walked in and when I would hug her, she would always give me a kiss on the cheek and hug me tighter than I had ever been hugged. And when I would I say goodbye a couple days later heading back to school or work, she would do the same thing. Hug me so tight over and over again and tell me how proud of me she was and that I was her boy...to the point that she began to have*

*tears in her eyes. I felt so much of her love in those moments, and I will cherish them forever. Nana- I hope I continue to make you proud because I was proud to have you as my nana.*



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**Davidson Cothran** - April 17, 2024 at 09:12 PM

BS

“ *such a lovely southern lady*

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**BILLIE STARLING** - April 17, 2024 at 08:45 AM

DS

“ *David Wright and Sons purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Barbara Harman Herlong.*



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**David Wright and Sons** - April 16, 2024 at 03:20 PM